THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1548.

Choice Poetry.

THE BROKEN HOUSEHOLD.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Wintry, windy, memory seeks
Round our father's knee,
Laughing eyes and rosy cheeks
Where they used to be
Of the circle once so wide.
Three are wanderers, three have died.

Goldenlocks and dewy-eyed,
Prattling all the day,
Were the baby, first that died;
Oh, we can hard to lay
Unspoiled hand and clutch of snow
In the grave so dark and low.

Smiling back on all who smiled,
Never by sorrow shaded,
Half a woman, half a child,
Was the next God called!
Then a grave more deep and wide,
Made they by the baby's side.

Where, or whom the children died
Only heaven can tell;
Treading mankind's path of pride
Was to some be hell.
Hearts flinchless, time and end,
Human almost his lonesomest feel.

I am for the living three
Left to pray,
Two are on the stormy sea;
Father, oh! than they
Wanders one, his young heart dim
Unlearnt, none, I pray for him.

Wherever they do or dare
Wherever they roam,
Have them, Father, in Thy care,
Guide them safely home!
Home, oh Father, at the sky,
Home to our mother, and sister die.

Graham's Magazine.

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;
OR,
THE FOSTER SISTERS.
A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.
(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "DISTRIBUTION," &c., &c.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER V.

THE SCENES.

Impassioned—better gift to those which encircles
The heart itself makes the truest index of the mind.
Dunlap.

Every once in awhile our story appropriates to itself the liberal license, and I tremble for those, yet living, who were concerned in its events. And so it is in the present instance—for I think that many of our oldest theatre-goers will recollect the debutantes of whom I am about to write, and the extreme, though short lived enthusiasm, that preceded her debut at the Richmond Street Theatre, Boston—possibly not though—possibly those and brilliant career may have entirely passed from the memory of man—no fame is so ephemeral as that of the histrionic "star"—no, none properly—never.

It was just before the opening of the two great theatres for the winter campaign, that Magdalene reached Boston. Though very short in funds, I was a part of her policy to go at once to the best, and consequently to the most expensive hotel in the city. Here she engaged a chamber and private parlor, and from this place she addressed a note to Mr. P——, the manager of the first theatre in the city, requesting an interview at his earliest convenience for clearing it.

The next day she received a civil reply to her note, declining the proposed interview, and stating that the manager's engagements for the ensuing season were all completed. Magdalene smiled to herself at this answer. It was just what she expected, and was prepared for it. "So," she said, musingly, "I——— know of her character and purposes, her personal appearance, &c., &c., &c., &c., capabilities—she might be old, ugly, and crooked, for aught that he knew, or cared to know to the contrary—but she knew that she was young, vigorous, beautiful, talented, and romantic. She spoke to him again—in this strain——

"All that I required of you, is to come and see me—to hear me read and recite—then if you are not disposed to offer me an engagement, you can assuredly not press the matter upon you, any more than I shall regret this request that has been a fee refused. Listen. You would not mind the trifling five dollars spent in a lottery ticket for the chance, one in a thousand, of winning a prize. If you are not pleased with what may be, I cannot be worth more to you than five dollars to the half-hour. Spend that half-hour with me—you would spend five dollars on a lottery ticket, for the chance of success and prize. If the ticket, myself, turn out a prize, the half-hour has been not disproportionate of a blank, you will have only lost half-an-hour. As for me, I know myself, and have no doubt of the validity of my claims to distinction. It is proper to say to you, that in the event of your declining to hear me, I shall immediately apply to the manager of the Tremont Street Theatre. He will receive for me your establishment the preference, being merely the longest for its greater age."

There is something in sound faith that is very contagious. When one is thoroughly possessed of any one thing, it is unquestionably sure to find some others of the same. The calm assurance, as well perhaps as the subtle ability of Magdalene brought Mr. P—— the same day to the hotel, to see, as he afterward said, what strange sort of an individual it was that could write such a queer letter. When he was introduced in Magdalene's private parlor, and found a young, strong, and beautiful woman, whose every lineament betokened a curious blending, and power of some emotion, than it is needful to enumerate and classify, Magdalene arose to receive him.

"Mrs Montfort, I presume," said he, bowing.

Magdalene inclined her head in an affirmative, and to relieve him from the difficulty of further introduction, or to give him any chance of misunderstanding her, Magdalene at once opened the subject of the interview, by saying,

"Mr. P——, I have been a governess and a school mistress—the profession of a teacher is not at all to my taste, and I should be choosy for one very opposite in every respect—for that of the stage, for which I have a strong vocation, and some genius, which you may put to the test. But first, as you are, or should be, most interested for the personal respectability of an applicant—those are my testimonials."

And she laid her pocket letter the eyes of the astonished manager. He certainly had not expected this. He opened them, and glanced at them merely as a matter of form. He saw that they were what they professed to be. He tied them up and returned them. He was beginning to feel a strong curiosity and interest in the beautiful girl before him, whose manner was so full of ease of freedom and reserve.

"Pardon me—have you no family, young lady—no friends?"

"None nearer and having greater claims upon me than those whose names stand at the foot of my testimonials; but, Mr. P——, I do not wish to take up more of your valuable time than is strictly necessary. I am ready to read, or recite for you, as soon as you please."

"What line of character do you propose—yourself?" inquired the manager.

"The serious impersonations of tragedy—Lady Macbeth—"

"Ah!" said the manager, with as much incredibility in his face as was polite to act against.

"Yes! I could play Lady Macbeth, Clytemnestra, Electra, Medea, Joan D'Arc, Rizzo—and that role. I do not think I could personate well the soft and gentle, and love-born characters even of tragedy. I could not enter into and impersonate Juliet, Ophelia, or Desdemona! Nor could I comprehend, enter into, and impersonate Richard III. with more effect."

Youthful lovers of this art, however, seldom know how much or how little they may be able to do in any particular line. It is common for those who fancy themselves qualified by taste for the highest walks of tragedy, to be very fit for low comedy, and for nothing else. It is common that the young and hopeful invariably prefer tragedy, or melo-drama, before comedy! It is because they have no misery of their own, that fictitious misery possesses the zest of novelty for them."

"I said that you could tear my shibboleth, sir," said Magdalene, with some little humour.

"I beg your pardon—I shall be pleased, Mrs. Montfort, to hear you read the supper scene in Macbeth."

Magdalene took her pocket edition of Shakspeare from the table, and turning to the scene commenced and read it without the least faltering or mistake. Though never seeming to act.

"You have, among others, two very rare requisites of success in a debutante."

"Hardihood and effrontery, I suppose you mean?"

"Self-esteem and self-command."

"Simple strength of physical organization, sir—are you satisfied with me in other respects, or shall I read anything else?"

"Yes—if you please—Juliet's hymn to the night—I should like to test your abilities in the way in which most young women, under the—hem-hem' parts."

"Not that—I—nevertheless—" and Magdalene turning to the right page read that.

"Very fair, very fair indeed."

"But not sufficiently fine—the supper scene in Macbeth—I hope it met your expectations?"

"Decidedly not, Miss Montfort," said the manager, with a singular smile. "I see that you paper yourself upon your reading of this part—a very good thing—but—pardon me!—have you ever had the advantage of comparing your own somewhat novel style of reading with that of others—have seen, in short, your display of Macbeth—for instance—performed?"

"Yes—your conception of the character of Macbeth, your style of reading the part, strike me as so entirely original, and at the same time, is full of truth and nature, that I was surprised—"

"What!"

Well, in fact, that you could have had no opportunity of seeing the part performed well. The histrionic art is eminently an imitative one. A great actor starts a certain style of playing a character, and all the lesser actors follow in their less precision, copy that. It is difficult not to imitate. Every actor, in my set, I think, comes, not from those educated in, and familiar with its common usages, but from those new and unfamiliar with it. Benjamin West was the first among the painters. You have certainly strong natural powers, and considerable genius, sir, but that is what I cannot understand in a first-greater of the theatre."

"I never was a frequenter of dramatic entertainments, and, moreover, my style was formed before I saw a play."

"That accounts for it."

"But, you have, as yet, evaded the main question me as to your abilities. Give me an opportunity of submitting my histrionic abilities, great or small, to public criticism in a debut! I am more than confident, I told you that you had not met my expectations—you have not, you could not, in the nature of things. Last night would have drawn a blank, whereas it has drawn a prize."

"I am not satisfied then!"

"Perfectly."

"And what arrangements for the season are—are completed?" said Magdalene, with a half-suppressed sardonic smile.

"My plans have arranged with you the preliminaries of a debut, and perhaps afterwards—the terms of an engagement, and for this you will call on me—again—at your first convenient hour——"

"To-morrow, then, at this time," said Magdalene, and the manager bowed himself out.

Faithful to his engagement he called the next day at the appointed hour, and found Magdalene with one book open before her, and another in her hand. It was arranged that as Magdalene wished, the next morning, to leave her hotel, she should meet the manager, take up her abode with the family of the manager, who, with his wife and daughter, occupied a house in a very fine street not too—had an—hour. As for me, I know myself, and have no doubt of the validity of my claims to distinction. It is proper to say to you, that in the event of your declining to hear me, I shall immediately apply to the manager of the Tremont Street Theatre. He

Miscellaneous.

ORIGIN OF STEAMBOATS.

FULTON, FITCH, &c.

At the last meeting of the New York Historical Society a very elaborate and interesting paper was read by Mr. Mrs. Forbes, of the Episcopal Theological Chapel, upon the rise and condition of the New York Commercial Press.

A portion of this paper was devoted to the subject of the introduction of steam navigation and the steadiness of the claims of Fulton. There were present *few persons who had been passengers on the first steamer that ever floated on the Hudson*. The Rev. Dr. R. W. Griswold, at the close of Mr. Parker's address, contradicted some of his views, in a speech, which is thus reported in the Tribune:

Rev. Dr. Griswold remarked that he had read with surprise and regret the slaughter erroneous observations of the magazine writer quoted by Mr. Parker upon the subject of Fulton's experiments. At this day it was simply absurd to allege that Fulton made the first successful experiment in steam navigation. To claim such credit for Fulton was to abandon it for the century. In England the matter had been much discussed recently, and it was easy to perceive that the claims of Symington could be maintained against those of Fulton—against any claims but those of John Fitch—since the perusal of Dr Gray of Barcelona, Stalls in England, Miller in Scotland, and Jouffroy in France, were too vague and unintelligible to deserve consideration. Symington's boat was constructed in 1788, and the greatest speed was five miles an hour, upon one of the highland lakes of Scotland, and to the following year seven miles, upon the Forth and Clyde, who was a poor man, and uneducated, possessed unquestionable genius; the vision of steamboats had haunted him half his life, and the details of his boat had been arranged to his entire satisfaction at least two years, *when he benefited upon the Delaware*, in 1787, the *Perseverance*—the precursor of the Scotia of steamers which now crowd the ocean, lakes and seas of the world. This was the boat Robert Fulton built his boat upon the Hudson, and one year before Symington (to whom and to other foreign claimants of the day) convey the intelligence of Fitch's plans probably suggested all they accomplished) made his trial on Loch Lomond.

Dr. Griswold said that a brief memoir upon the subject, which he had written many years ago, and led to a correspondence between himself and the late Noah Webster, who, in one of his letters, stated he had seen, and in conduct that he had been a passenger upon the boat of Fitch, as the boatmen of whose experiments Dr. Webster's testimony was very positive. That distinguished man had expressed great indignant that a new American had kept from the Colonists of this discovery the gratitude of mankind. In the library of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, and in other repositories in this country, there were important records and important documents illustrative of this history, and Miss Leslie, a sister of the eminent painter, and herself no mean artist, of Philadelphia, had been several years engaged upon a life of Fitch, for which she had very many materials. Her father, while residing in London, having been an intimate friend and patron, and adopted the Fitch's death the *exhibitor and explainer of his designs to Fulton*. Miss Leslie's book, he had no doubt, would be a most important contribution to our annals—upon this subject entirely unconscious. Of Fitch he had said that he had genius—not simply facilities for the application of the ideas of others, but a genuine creative energy.

Failing in his efforts to persuade the people of the benefits that would flow from his invention, he went to Kentucky, in the hope of obtaining from certain eccentric speculators wealth, which, such means as Fulton derived from an appreciating patron. He was disappointed, and in a fit of despair threw himself into the Mississippi, leaving directions that if his body were recovered it should be buried beside the *Father of Waters, that the unusual scene of limits, moved by steam, up and down that great river, might be more lasting remains*. In this request was more true poetry than in all sins that had been said or written of steam navigation. Fitch felt that he had given a new impulse to civilization—that he had merited the fame of a new era for the human race; and with the confidence of a prophet whom God had commissioned, he foretold the passage of steamships against the winds across the Atlantic, and he saw all the grand results of his discovery, which had been made known to the world by the reverend gentleman to whose paper the Society had listened.

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HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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TERMS, &c.

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Post Masters or others soliciting for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them send to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Kenneth Post. We shall be glad to see them and to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, and they will show our publication to many persons who have not taken it. Three, *names in barrelled upon the Delaware*, in 1787, the *Perseverance*—the precursor of the Scotia of steamers which now crowd the ocean, lakes and seas of the world. This was the boat Robert Fulton built his boat upon the Hudson, and one year before Symington (to whom and to other foreign claimants of the day) convey the intelligence of Fitch's plans probably suggested all they accomplished) made his trial on Loch Lomond.

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[27] God loveth a cheerful giver, and Christ enjoyed the Pharisees for designing their faces and making sad countenances. Fools! Sin, made them that angels lodged in their hearts should be cheerful. Sin, made them that angels lodged in their hearts should be cheerful.

[27] Lady Blessington said, and surely she used to know, "those who are formed to win the affections of others, are rarely remarkable for beauty; but it is an advantage to a diamond to wear one."

[27] Conversation is the music of the mind, as exercise is of the body—melodies, when sung by one of the kind is made in the case of letters, and the sound of each graduation is to make up the weight bear heaviest on those parts of the stomach (the frontier States); where the people are deepest upon the Eastern portion of the union least afford to pay high postage. We trust the Postmaster at the latter place, under date of the 20th inst., will be able to send us a remittance for a month previous. As the packages for both these places are regularly mailed, the fault is in the mail agents, and we hope the Department will enroll both large beauties for not active satisfy at their delinquency, and the stoppage of the Post Office Agents to this matter.

[27] Nothing is more rain," says a writer of the early part of the present century, "than for a woman to deny her age—she cannot deceive herself, who is the only person concerned about it. If a man dislike a woman because he thinks her of the age she is, he will only dislike her the more by being told she is younger than she seems to be, and consequently, looks older than she ought to be. The Anne Donnel of her face will weigh more than that of her register."

IOWA AND WISCONSIN.

The population of Iowa in 1850, was 192,214, paper in 1840, 43,111—gain in ten years 150,103. It will do.

The population of Wisconsin in 305,732—population in 1840, 30,747—gain in ten years, 274,985. This will do, too—even beating Iowa. These young girls are amazing fast in their growth, but they ain't so pretty as their more mature sisters—are they? New York, Ohio, Virginia, and all the rest of the older sisters, give an emphatic "no."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The result of the Queen's conference with the Duke of Wellington, was the reinstatement of Lord John Russell and the old ministry. It is supposed that the Anti Papal measures introduced by *Lord John Russell*, were the only obstacle in the way of a coalition with the Peel party. Some important modifications are proposed by the Government in the bill of course, and it is said a London of the Pontiff and the Whigs is anticipated.

Kossuth and his fellow Hungarian refugees have arrived at Liverpool from Constantinople, and will be entertained at the expense of the Government to pay their passage to the United States. The Austrian Government have granted a general amnesty to all the refugees in Turkey, on condition that they shall not attempt to re-enter Hungary, excepting Kossuth, Bathyani, and a few others. It is to be hoped, however, that the latter will remain and his friends, with respect to the wishes of Austria—but we fear not.

They have had another pretty little scene in the French National Assembly, on the discussion of the motion to repeal the law decreeing the Bourbon's perpetual exile. The scene is thus described:

A M. Jules Dufresne, a compound of the bloody Jacobin St. Just, Courtois, and Called d'Herbois, and the sanguinary Marat, he was short, upright, stiff, and resolute secret, whilst a bloodhound is branded upon his face. Dufresne ascended the tribune, exclaimed, "That those who recommended pity and clemency to the people, were Royalists." A violent scene ensued; the tribune was surrounded by the members, and the president could not restore order. In this scene, which is a simple and necessary consequence of our will of ignorance and of the heaven-ordained laws of health. If a man environed his home with field peas, he would expect nothing else than that sickness will invade his household circle, and perhaps carry off some of the members of his family. So it is with the farmer who plants his fields of the strong man, the maiden, and the young and growing child. With the maidens of the behind-the-times class of farmers, the Sir Godfreys are plenty, in the shape of field pigweeds, and stagnant pools, all around the house and barn. And even with a different class, with those who plide themselves somewhat upon the appearance of things, your wide-awake farmers, which of them does not cherish at least one of the Sir Godfrey pests, some one of the festering nuisance pool—which, especially when the heat of the first quarter, enters his dwelling, and colors a draught of imagined, depression, or fever, to the lips of the household circle.

We are by no means a disciplinarian, but we are called "providential dispensations," but we do not see why a sickness and death should not be the result, this is a simple and necessary consequence of the violation of the laws of health. Let a man surround his home with field peas, he will be visited by the fever and ague, and bilious attacks, and perhaps carry off some of the members of his family.

ADDITIONAL SUPPLEMENT.

As some of our new subscribers may wish to read the earlier portion of Mrs. Southworth's Novelet (Virginia and Magdalene,) and as we desire to have as many such readers as possible, we have printed a SUPPLEMENT, containing so of the story up to the 20th of this month, (March.)

Now subscribers can, therefore, either have the Supplement, and commence their subscription with the present No., or wait until April 5th, and begin their subscriptions at any subsequent date. *For the Supplement we shall make no charge.*

New subscribers will please state in their letters whether they desire the Supplement.

TAKE NOTICE.

We have received information that a train of cars from the Pacific Railroad Company collected money for the Post in Fulton Co., Ohio.

He is described as follows—tall, somewhat stout, dark complexion, dark hair, dark eyes, and about 45 years old; he said he was travelling for his health. He is not our agent.

All our agents have certificates, which they are always willing to show.

When any one offers to take subscriptions at less than our published terms, he may be set down as an imposter.

AS WE EXPECTED.

The "practical printer" who published the letter of the late secret trial against us, has now given as an excuse for not having published it sooner, that he "*Did not consider himself* bound to publish the report concerning the Card, at the Trial, and waited to see if it was, as he said, a *"full and complete report"*."

Now he offers with a great but empty show of fairness, to publish the Card *by itself*, if we will furnish him with it—as if he had not a copy in his possession. But the public are not fools, and will understand this. They know that there was no difficulty in procuring a copy of the Card for publication in the Report of the Trial, if he had wished it—and they will also believe that it was not "forgotten"—for said, was appointed in three or four days after the trial published by the daily papers of this city. They also know *that he had no mental right to publish the report of the Trial, if he was not without giving the Card on which the trial was founded.*

But this last move has unmasked this whole business to the understanding of the dullest apprehension.

"Truth, struck to earth, revives again.
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

LAND LIMITATION.

The Land Limitation Bill, lately before the Legislature of Wisconsin, was defeated on its third reading in the House, by 33 ayes to 27 nays. It limited future acquisitions of land in the State to any individual to forty hundred and forty acres.

To advise our land limitation friends the next time they present their Bill, to amend it by prescribing how many apples, potatoes, &c., each person, woman and child shall be allowed to eat in the course of a year—and then only will be the measure be in full length. We have no objection to giving a farm to every poor, laziness man, but really this idea of limiting the number of acres to be acquired seems to be carrying the matter a little "into the ground."

The chief result would be to make farming land less valuable, as compared with other property, and better citizens, and less. Capitalists would be driven to the towns and cities for investment in lots and houses and stocks, and to other States for investment in farming lands.

But why limit the acquisition of land, more than the acquisition of any other species of resources, iron, lead, gold, silver, &c.? You will be encourage repaying of commodities—very good—but in this country we do not allowed to eat to the course of a year, and this person who will be the first to cry out for

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have three now on hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

The Iron Hand, by T. S. Arthur.

The Belle of the Springs, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, author of "The Mob Cap," &c.

The Texan Huntress, by C. W. Webber, author of "The Shot in the Eye," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Cream of the Foreign Periodicals, Engravings, Congressional Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

THE BOUNTY WARRANTS.

We have been a little struck by the following brief speech of the Hon. Isaac P. Walker, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin—probably done into its present condensed form by some friendly editor or reporter.

"Gentlemen (said he in substance—we cannot pretend to give his words)—you need not fear that I shall deprive you of a chance to pass this measure by talking out the last sands of this Session as I easily might do—that is not my way.—When I have stated my objections, I will desist, leaving you time to pass it. But hear me!

"You know that measure is in direct violation of the understanding on which these Bounty Warrants were authorized. 'Give the poor old soldier a home—let him have a spot of earth on which to spend the evening of his days'—such was the cry which passed the act creating these Warrants. ...

Miscellaneous.

JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE.

On the 14th of May last, Mr. Morris, of Clinton, introduced a question into the Ohio Constitutional Convention, which was adopted in the words following, to wit:

Resolved, That the Committee on Jurisprudence be instructed to inquire into the expediency of dispensing with the names of John Doe and Richard Roe, and all other fictitious characters in the action of Ejectment, and that all actions involving the title to land be prosecuted in the names of real persons interested.

On the 13th of June last, he made some amusing remarks on this subject, a portion of which we insert:

Mr. Morris wanted to reply to the gentleman from Knox—Mr. Mitchell. He has undertaken to defend his old friends John Doe and Richard Roe. It is said corporations have no souls. But John Doe and Richard Roe have neither souls nor bodies—neither beginning of days nor end of time. [Laughter.]

And, Mr. President, I do assert here, in my place, as a member of this Convention, that there never was an action of Ejectment commenced and concluded in the State of Ohio, that did not, as its result, put a falsehood upon record. The declaration relates that the real person interested leased the premises in controversy to John Doe, for a term of years which has not yet expired. Now, I ask the gentleman from Knox—Mr. Mitchell—if this is true? We may, I think, set this down as a falsehood. Then, although the suit may be, in reality, for but a single acre of land, the declaration pompously avers that the person interested leased to the said John Doe, one thousand acres of arable land, and one thousand acres of woodland, and one thousand acres of various other kinds of land. I would ask the gentleman if here is not another falsehood? Did he lease one thousand acres of arable land? or one thousand acres of woodland? or one thousand acres of meadow land? or one thousand acres of land covered with water? or one thousand acres of other land? or one thousand acres of each or all these kinds of land put together? Is all this true? And so it goes on multiplying falsehoods by each other, until the result is too great for computation. I am astonished! I say, sir, I am astonished, that a gentleman so learned and so astute as the gentleman from Knox—Mr. Mitchell—for whose talents I have so boundless a respect—upon whose integrity I place such implicit confidence—upon whose understanding I have relied with such boundless faith,—and who is, in general, so strong, so consistent, so bold, and so courageous an advocate for progress, for ...

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, L. L. D.

Harsh is the voice, and loud the war
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When leaving Southern lands afar,
The Sun wakes up our Northern clime:
The long white surges of the deep,
Then break on every wailing shore,
And foaming down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

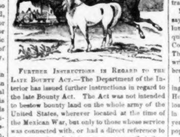
Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street.
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And those wild fields and pastures wear
No welcome tints of early green.

But God, with all a father's love,
When earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals in blazing pomp above,
The wonder of His radiant skies:
Look thou on night's refulgent arch,
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the Great Orion burns,
Descending in the cloudless West,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve a sacred guest.
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Ram and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, even thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes
The glories of that lofty sphere;
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath Oppression's rod,
He whispers from His starry throne,
"Look up, oh, man! and trust in God."

General News.



POLITICAL NEWS.

The "secret ballot" law has been carried through the Senate of the State of Massachusetts, by a coalition majority. It obliges every voter to seal his ballot up in an envelope before putting it into the ballot box—the State to furnish the envelopes.

New York U. S. Senator.—Hamilton Fish has been elected U. S. Senator for six years' ensuing. The vote in the Senate stood—Fish 16; all others 12. In the House, Fish 68, Dix 6. Mr. Fish is of the Seward stripe of the Whig party.

The election in Ohio next October will be an important one. The new constitution, just framed, is to be submitted to a vote of the people on the third Tuesday of June, and, if approved, elections will take place under it the second Tuesday in October, at which time a Governor, Lieut. Governor, Legislature, five Supreme Judges, a large number of District Judges, Clerks of Courts, and all county offices are to be elected.

Ohio and the Fugitive Act.—The House of Representatives of Ohio, on the 12th inst., passed the following resolution, relative to the Fugitive Slave Law, by a vote of 40 to 20:—"That our Senators in Congress be instructed, and our Representatives requested, to use all honorable means to obtain an immediate repeal, modification or amendment, of the act of Congress, usually styled the Fugitive Slave Law, approved September 18, 1850."

Gen. Cass's "Noise and Confusion" Speech at Cleveland, Ohio, was lately denied by the Washington Union on the strength of letters from the editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, and a Mr. Wilson, both of whom stated that they were present and did not hear any such language. The Cleveland Herald, however, produces from the Cleveland Plaindealer of the date alluded to, a report of the speech containing the identical paragraph. The Herald also produces from a subsequent issue of the same paper another paragraph in which the editor says:—"We did not happen to hear the General while here." The General himself, in his late speech in the Senate on the subject, did not expressly deny it, but merely asked whether any one believed it.

Rate of Interest.—The Senate of Wisconsin has passed a bill, limiting the rate of interest to 12 per cent.

Free Negroes in Delaware.—An act passed by the Delaware Legislature, at its late session, provides for the binding out of all free negro children between certain ages to some useful trade or avocation.

Mr. Calhoun's Works, the South Carolinian says, are now stereotyped so far as the first volume ...

☞ The rumor that Secretary Corwin had decided that the late Tariff Act does *not* include freights among the charges on which duty is to be levied, is pronounced an error. He has not yet decided the question. Doubtless, whatever be the decision, it will be carried up to the Supreme Court for final settlement.

☞ Slanderous.—A fellow, belonging in Philadelphia, after visiting Boston, told some one that the streets here were so crooked, that travellers, when in a hurry, never take a carriage at the depots, because they can go twice the distance on foot, while coaches are turning the corners! That fellow had better not come this way again, unless he is anxious his friends shall read of "Another Man Missing."—*Boston paper.*

☞ The individual is now in this city, who attended the theatre in Chicago, during the performance of the *Forty Thieves*, and got up a row in the theatre, and wanted his money back, because he counted but thirty-nine.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞ It is announced that a scientific physician of Paris has just discovered a method of curing, instantaneously, and without disturbing any organ, all Neuralgic affections of the head, attacks of megrim, and pains resulting from teeth in an advanced state of decay. What renders this discovery truly marvellous, is the promptness, at once, of the cure, and its perfect success in more than two hundred cases.

☞ I heard a genuine Yankee story from one of the party on deck. I was inquiring if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the Winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the Winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold it was, said, "Why, I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last Winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before I could get her out again. The consequence has been that she has milked nothing but ice-cream ever since."

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States; assisted by *J. R. Smith, J. T. Dent, Jason Taylor, Perrin Locke, W. Ramsey, Dr. Josh'a Wadsworth, Alex. R. Laws.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent, assisted by *William H. Wild, John Collins, James Deering, A. Kirk Wellington, E. A. Evans, John T. Jenkins, P. Locke, Jos. Benson, Geo. F. Button*, and ...

Clippings.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Bank Note List.

NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 28.

Breadstuffs—Flour—Western and State continued dull, and the market for the latter favored buyers. The inquiry has been very moderate, and the sales did not exceed 4,000 bbls. at $4,25 to 4,31 for No. 2 superfine; $4,44a4,50 for State; $4,6 ... for Indiana, Michigan and Ohio; $4,65a4,87 for New Orleans and pure Genesee; and other brands at previous prices. Of Canadian, 300 bbls sold at $4,62, in bond. Southern was less plenty, and firm at $4,62 a4,75 for common to straight; and $5 to 5,50 for fancy, at which 800 bbls changed hands. Rye Flour was scarce, with sales of 100 bbls at $3,37a3,44. Nothing transpired in Meal.

Wheat moved to the extent of 2,500 bushels Ohio, at $1,04, and 2,500 bushels Genesee, at private bargain. Nothing was done in Rye, which was held at 75c, cash. Barley was much wanted, at $1,15a1,25. Oats were in request, at 47 to 49c for Jersey, and 50 to 52 for Northern. Corn was rather quiet, and prices were depressed. About 10,000 bushels sold at 65 to 63½ cents for new Southern yellow; besides which, 35,000 bushels were being shipped for Liverpool from first hands.

Cotton—The sales to-day were about 2,300 bales—the full rates of yesterday being well sustained, in consequence of telegraphic advices of a falling off in the receipts at Charleston, where they have been unexpectedly heavy for the supposed crop of the State. The advices per Franklin did not meet public expectation, and as there were no transactions made after 'Change, their effect on the market remains to be seen.

Provisions—Pork—There was more firmness in the market to-day, and rather more inquiry from the trade; sales of 600 bbls were made, at $12,75a12,87 for old Mess, $13,25 for new; $10 for old Prime; and $11,25a11,50 for new. Besides the above, 1,500 bbls old Mess were rumored sold at $12,87. Beef was steady, with sales of 200 bbls in lots, at $9a11 for Mess, and $7a8 for Prime. Prime Mess dull, at $15a16. Beef Hams were inactive, at $15. Of Cut Meats, 130 tcs changed hands at 5¼ and 6¼ respectively for Hams and Shoulders. Lard was quiet, at 8¾a8½ cts. with a limited business. Nothing new in Butter or Cheese.

ALMANAC.

March, 1851.	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	High Water	Moon's Phases	
					D. H. M.
29 Saturday	5 49	6 11	12 8		
30 Sunday	5 48	6 12	12 51		
31 Monday	5 46	6 14	1 34		
1 Tuesday	5 45	6 15	2 5		
2 Wed'sday	5 44	6 16	2 36	New	1 1 27
3 Thursday	5 42	6 18	3 21	First	9 1 59
4 Friday	5 41	6 19	4 7	Full	15 5 34
5 Saturday	5 40	6 20	4 55	Last	23 4

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
March 16,	45	47	40
17,	33	36	36
18,	36	37	39
19,	37	43	44
20,	36	40	43
21,	38	41	47
22,	38	48	52

Marriages.

Deaths.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, (eighteen lines,) first insertion,	$2.00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1.50
For one square 6 months,	$20.00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ TWENTY-FIVE COPIES SENT TO ONE ADDRESS FOR ONE DOLLAR!

JUST PUBLISHED, A VISIT TO THE WORLD'S FAIR!

SPLENDID PICTORIAL SHEET, CONSISTING OF *BETWEEN TWENTY AND THIRTY LARGE ENGRAVINGS OF VIEWS IN LONDON.*

Among them will be found THE GLASS PALACE, *And a Magnificent Engraving of its Interior.*

PRICE SIX CENTS EACH, $4 PER HUNDRED, OR TWENTY-FIVE FOR $1.

ROBERT SEARS, 128 Nassau Street, New York City.

THE FOLLOWING IS FROM the New York Evening Mirror, May 25, 1849. —WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. ...

SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,
CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

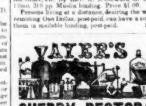
GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.
$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

COATS,	$6 00 TO $16
VESTS,	2 00 — 4
PANTALOONS,	2 50 — 6

WE STUDY TO PLEASE. dec28-1y

STEWART'S FREE-MASONS MANUAL. E. H. BUTLER & Co., No. 23 MINOR Street, publish this day, A companion for the initiated through all the degrees of Freemasonry, from the entered apprentice to the higher degrees of Knighthood; embracing Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, Master Mason, Mark Master, Past Master, Most Excellent Master, Royal Arch, Select Master, High Priesthood, Knights of the Red Cross, Knights Templars, Knights of Malta, the Ancient Constitution of the Order, etc. By Rev. K. J. Stewart, K. T. 1 vol. 12mo. 316 pp. Muslin binding. Price $1 00.

Persons living at a distance, desiring the work, by remitting One Dollar, post-paid, can have a copy sent them in mailable binding, post-paid.



AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL For the Cure of COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

IN OFFERING TO THE COMMUNITY this justly celebrated remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, it is not our wish to trifle with the lives or health of the afflicted, but frankly to lay before them the opinions of distinguished men and some of the evidences of its success, from which they can judge for themselves. We sincerely pledge ourselves to make no wild assertions or false statements of its efficacy, nor will we hold out any hope to suffering humanity which facts will not warrant. ...

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

The subscriber would invite the special attention of the public to his extensive assortment of goods in the above line, which he is prepared to sell at lower rates than heretofore offered. The stock is varied and handsome. Consisting in part of

WATCHES.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, Hunting Cases, 18 carats, heavy and good from	$60 to 120
" " 18 carat cases from	30 to 120
Silver "	18 to 30
Lepine	10 to 15

And others at lower rates than the above.

JEWELRY.

Gold Chains of every pattern and variety.
Medalions, double and single glasses, a very handsome article suitable for Daguerreotypes.
Necklaces, Bracelets, Pins and Rings, Garnets, Topaz, &c., Breast Pins of single and cluster stones, Rings of every variety and price. Ear-Rings do.

SILVER WARE.

This article especial care is taken to have the silver fine, and nothing is used for melting but half dollars, and the public may feel assured that they can get no better article nor at a lower price. Silver Tea Setts made to order.
Table, Dessert and Teaspoons of all prices according to weight.
Table, Dessert and Tea Forks.
Butter Knives, Sugar Tongs, Sugar Scoops, Fish Knives, &c.
Soup and Oyster Ladles, &c., &c.

PLATED WARE.

A very superior article of plated Forks, Table and Dessert and Table and Teaspoons, Cake Baskets, Castors, Candlesticks, &c.

BRITTANIA WARE.

Beautiful Pattern Tea Setts at low prices. Also, Urns and Water Kettles, Castor cut Bottles, very handsome, &c., all of which will be warranted to be what they are represented, and at the very lowest rates, as the subscriber is determined not to be undersold by any house in the country.

S. M. HOPPER.

Selected Poetry.

THE OLD FARMER'S ELEGY.

FROM THE KNICKERBOCKER.

On a green grassy knoll, by the banks of the brook
That so long and so often has watered his herd,
The old farmer rests in his long and last sleep,
While the warmer a few, lisping lullaby breez,
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

His axe that was sharpened on the gay sunny beach,
In working out pleasure, has rested from play,
And the plough-share blow hop-light on the mould,
For he tied them with crumbs when the season was cold;
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

You hear them with fragrance in filling the air,
No rich scent on blossoms—no cherry and pea,
By his own hand was planted, and well did he say,
It would live when its planter had mouldered away;
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

That's plough-spring day when the cold farmer died,
The most sacred season of all the year—cried,
And the corners of the poor he his rest did ascend,
For they are the emperors, a man and a mother;
He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

For upright and honest the old farmer was—
Both God he reverenced, he respected his laws,
Though Knickers he lived, no law-gone where he went,
Will awaken like pure gold, all the dross of the heart.

He has ploughed his last furrow, has reaped his last grain,
No more shall awake him to labor again.

Selected Articles.

THE REVENGE OF A WOMAN.

—Let them say I am romantic—as is every one said to be, that either admires a fine thing or does not. Romantic is the epithet the world gives, "to hardly worth enjoying's sake." Romantic is the epithet the world gives, "to only pay for generous actions, to hate (Macfarlane, for great deeds and noble ones, for although I am considering myself, I am not, for although I am not, I am not ever hope to be compared to Lucretia or Portia."—*Pope, to Lady W. M. Montagu.*

Mrs. Macfarlane was a lady of the noble Scottish family of Kirke, who, reduced in her circumstances, had married a law agent by the name of Macfarlane. She was extremely beautiful, and therefore much pestered by the advances of the dissolute young noblemen in Edinburgh. This was in 1797. Among the most conspicuous by the name of Cayley, because so deeply enamored of her, that he threatened her, if she would not elope with him, to utterly blast her character by accusing that he had an intrigue with her. She could not believe that he would do so abominable and unusual an act, but he did throw out hints at a public ball-room house, which caused all to be threatened. The next forenoon she went to pay a visit to a friend part of the town; but she could not help thinking, that while she accosted to have become an object of additional interest to the men she met, the ladies, even those with whom she had formerly been on terms of strict recognition, scowled upon her from every direction, as she thought, of contempt.

The lady upon whom she called received her in the coldest manner, and on an explanation being asked, did not hesitate to mention what she had heard as the town's talk that morning, that Mr. Cayley professed himself to be her favored lover. The unfortunate lady burst into a passion of tears and lamentations at this intelligence, protested her innocence a thousand times, and declared herself to be only the victim of a profligate; but still she saw that she did not produce an entirely favorable impression on the mind of her friend. She went home in a state of distress bordering on despair. Her early misfortunes through the cruelty of the Pretender's agent; her dependent situation in the house of her kinsfolk; her unhappy marriage, in which she could never love; and finally the great coldness with which she had been treated by influence friends in the days of her depression, all recurred upon her mind, and, united with the present sad affair, had so overwhelmed her, that she prepared her mind for the most desperate resolutions.

Early in the afternoon she sent a note to Mr. Cayley, requesting, in her usual terms, the favor of his company. The receipt of this billet-doux threw him into transports of joy; for he believed that the scheme had already taken effect, and that she was now prepared to accede to his proposals. He therefore [illegible] himself in his best style, and at — past one hour (he felt too serene of his purpose to be sooner) walked across the street to his appointment. He was shown into a room in the back of the house, whose lo had never before been, and where there was little furniture, besides a picture of Mrs. Macfarlane, painted by Sir John Medina, an Italian artist, who had practised his trade in the Scottish capital. The picture, which he began to gaze upon with all the enthusiasm of a lover, represented his mistress in a style and manner strikingly beautiful. The utmost sensibility looked out from the countenance, shone in those sweetly melodious features. The fair open brow glowed like the summer sky, calmly and cloudlessly beautiful. The eye shone with the lustre of gladness and intelligence, and the whole appearance resolved into an expression and killing smile. The lover stood in a transport before the image of all he held dear on earth, as if he were gazing in an idolatrous contemplation of the extraordinary loveliness, when the door was opened, and the original herself entered of the voluptuous smile which shone on the canvas. Medina, a beautiful face stood before him—a Hesbite not yet grown old. He started with horror; for not only did the beam in her countenance the most threatening ravages of passion, but she carried in her hands her large pistol, one of which she held extended to him, while she locked the door behind her, at the same time keeping a watchful and glaring eye upon her victim.

"Watch!" she said, "you have ruined me who never did you wrong. You have destroyed me completely as if you had stretched me lifeless beneath your hand. More than this, you have rendered others who are dear to me, unhappy forever. My child—you have deprived her of the comforts of a mother; you have fixed a curse upon a name which will never be washed out. Now, sir, all this, anxiety, cruel and to be the victim, provides no punishment. Surely even my misery—to the extreme—to which it can be my will to permit you, you might wash away soulless from the fair name you had ravaged, while nothing to destroy your triumph, but the lamentations of so many tender hearts. You shall not, however, escape this triumph, for one of you shall die!"

Cayley had stood for a few moments, gazing alternately at her face and at the weapon she held extended towards him. He heard her attentive as if he heard it not. But at the last word he recovered a little of his presence of mind, and made an effort to approach her. She at these moments fired, but without effect. The effort at clearing the trigger had dispersed the muzzle of the weapon, and the ball entered the floor at his feet. She had not an instant to present and fire the other, the shock of which penetrated his brain, and he fell next moment before her, with but one undefined murmur of agony—and then all was still.

One lethal ordinance to her child—a moment at the ladies' maid—a hasty and travelling-dress, which she had previously prepared, and the beautiful murderess was ready to fly. She immediately left town for the South, and received shelter and consolation in the house of her distant kinsman, Sir John Swinton. How long she was there protected is not known; but it was probably as long as the anguish of justice continued to be in the least exigent. It was always understood by those aged persons who knew her story, and from whom the preceding facts have slowly been derived, that she ultimately escaped to some remote continental State, where she was supported by contributions from her relations. So closes one of the most singular tales that stain the romantic annals of Scotland during the last century.

LOVE OR CONFIDENCE.—A Yankee in one of our New England towns, going into the market to buy a mess of sausages, held out a link to Tiger, his dog. "Tige" rubbed his nose against them, as if to smell a lot, and instantly bristled up and showed his defiance—upon which he was for dropped them like a hot potato.

"What's the matter?" demanded the vender of pork. "Do you find any fault with my sausages?"

"No," replied the Yankee, "I've nothing again the sausagers. Only, *dog won't eat dog*, that's all."

FROM BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE OF RECENT DATE.

A REAL GHOST;
OR,
SPECTRAL APPEARANCES TRACED TO NATURAL CAUSES.

A case which occurred in the garden of the blind poet Pfeffel, has been widely circulated by the press, and is well known. I shall here mention so much of it as is essential. Pfeffel had engaged a young Protestant clergyman to be a tenant of Billing, as amanuensis. The blind poet, when he took a walk, placed Billing's arm on his left hand, and his left hand on Billing's arm, and so led by him. One day as they were walking in the garden, which was some distance from the house, Pfeffel observed not so often as usual to be passed over a certain spot, Billing's arm trembled, and the young man became uneasy. He made inquiry as to the cause of this, and Billing at last unwillingly confessed, that as often as he passed over that spot, he was attacked by certain sensations, over which he had no control, and which he always experienced when the dead bodies lay buried. He added, when he came to such places at night, he saw ever-changing lights. Pfeffel, with the view of curing the young man of his folly, as he supposed it to be, went that night with him to the place where they had approached the place in the dark, Billing perceived the same fight, and, when nearer, he saw the accurate appearance of a fiery ghost-like form hovering in the air over the spot. He described it as a female form, with one arm laid across the body, the other hanging down, hovering in an upright position, but no longer contracted. In the two hand-breadths above the soil. Pfeffel, as the of the vanity pretension to spiritual voyages up to the spot, and struck at random all around with his stick. He also ran through the spectre, but it suffered neither wound nor change by it. It was as when we strike with a stick through a sun-beam, in the getting-up of which no one has been allowed to have her own particular spectre. Pfeffel, with considerable warmth, ascribed his failure, in consequence, but the party consoled him by promising better luck next time.

The old lady who pulled up the snakes for the new railroad, probably wondered what they would use it through. It is calculated to last built in spite of her opposition. Much of the [illegible] necessity is of the same sort. A disinfected stockholder turns his dozen shares into cash, and then very patiently and quietly and very knowingly watches for the ruin of the corporation, or at least a general panic among the shareholders. He is content to lose one share if he can thereby make a fortune on the remainder.

"What will they say at Vienna?" exclaims a lady connected with the Austrian embassy, on receiving support from his party, and give it to those who will reward him better. His prophecies of the future tend to his self-aggrandizement, and he can and he forgotten. The fierce bugbear which he has raised in the heavens is seen by every one to be an animalcule begotten in the corrupt humors of his own eye, and invisible to all but himself.

The error of these people is the same which is showing their resentment, as in overruling in the doctrine of chemistry, and indeed in every other science. Every man is fully intelligible in accordance with the external air and the [illegible] of his pile of England," they rather over-estimated their circumstances. The science of writing is a surface and looking out at the bungalow," as Sir Isaiah describes it. To take a conceit of the kind out of a man, and it becomes a matter of observation, a little common sense, and a little [illegible] of the world. Remove prejudice, and more absolutely, we shall hear fewer people inquiring, on every frivolous occasion, "what will they say at Vienna?"—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

Among the eccentric Englishmen who have from time to time adjured their natal soil, and in search of health or pleasure, have sought out more eccentric was a certain Lord Egerton, who made the capital of France his permanent residence. He was a bachelor, and possessed immense [illegible], we have the following:

He inhabited a vast mansion in the Rue de la Rivoli, which he had purchased. The municipal government having determined to straighten the street, and make all the buildings in that quarter to a certain line, Lord E.'s mansion was found to encroach upon the regularity, and he was ordered to demolish the front. Now, as he sought for the sake of quiet and retirement in the choice of residence for that purpose, to be sure, he took fire at this infringement of his rights, and with true John Bull obstinacy, refused to accept the order.

One day, when he had been present rather harder than usual by the official architects who had been employed to survey the premises, and negotiations from the chemical change going on in his countenance, he ordered in a loud voice, that I trust, succeeded in hearing from one of the nearest rolls of darkened ignorance and human [illegible].

A LONDONER EXPERIENCES THE UNEXPECTED.—A London paper mentions that a gentleman who had been deceived by the notion which one reads in the newspapers of the cyclical recurrence of [illegible].

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

A girl, young and pretty, but above all gifted with an air of adorable candor, lately presented herself at the Tribunal of Correctional Police to denounce the incident the French journals have called "the love-made attorneys," and thus addressed him:

"Monsieur, I come to consult you upon a very delicate matter, and I rely upon your discretion to keep my secret in spite of himself. How shall I proceed?"

The gentleman of the bar had of course a sufficiently good opinion of himself, and of his acquirements, but, being not that so third person ever heard him, replied unhesitatingly:

"Mademoiselle, you have come to our law you already possess the means of forming a man to your will. You have reasons—you will have more since with him; then you can swear before a judge that he is your lover."

"And that will suffice, Monsieur?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle, with the further condition—"

"Well?—"

"That you will produce witnesses who will make oath to their having seen you retain a good quarter of an hour with the individual and [illegible] you have given him encouragement."

"Very well, Monsieur. I will retain you as counsel in the management of this affair. Good day."

A few days afterwards the young girl returned, and a certain air, an attack of grief, and the advocate gained the hazard.—*Gaze Branch.*

JENNY LIND AND THE BLIND BOY.

A poor blind boy, who is highly gifted with musical talent, and who resides in the Northern part of the United States of Pennsylvania, had expressed great anxiety to hear Jenny Lind sing, that his friends raised a subscription to send him to this city to gratify his wish.

On arriving here, he accidentally took lodgings in the same hotel with Mr. Lind, the celebrated flutist. One evening, Mr. Kyle hearing some very wild and sweet flute notes, listened for some time in surprise, and at last determined to go in and call to himself.—Well, that fellow thinks he can play a little, but now I'll show him what music is!" Taking up his flute, he played the air of "The Last Rose of Summer," in the most delicious manner. The blind boy listened with breathless delight, and following the sound, he came to the door of Mr. Kyle, and stood there until the air was concluded. With a feeling of impulse he could not restrain, he knocked at the door, and, on being told Kyle, and not recognizing the lad, he said, "What do you want, sir?" "I am blind," said the boy, "and have been drawn hither by the sweetest music. Do tell me who you are." "I am not a great musician," said Kyle, "but I was practising with Jenny Lind at home." "You don't mean to tell me," said the boy, "that I have been to hear Jenny Lind; I have come a long way to hear her sing, but the price of tickets is so high, that I am not good to by one." "Oh, you shall have to hear her, sir!" I'll condition, with great pleasure." "I have heard she is a very kind lady, and very pretty, and sings so charmingly." "I have the happy card I have her." Mr. Kyle felt deeply for the boy, and promised that he would take him to hear the lovely Swede, accordingly, he took the boy to the hall that night, and seated him in a chair behind the scenes.

The sweet songs of the Nightingale affected the blind boy to tears, and he could not refrain from them. But when Jenny sang "Home, Sweet Home," he melted into tears. On her retiring, she was attracted by the boy's sobbings, and inquired who he was. Mr. Kyle then told her the history of the lad in a few words, which much interested her; and sending for him the next day, the poor boy left the generous magdalene the hundred dollars richer than when he reached the city.—*St. Louis Evening Gazette.*

JOHN HARVEY BARNES.—That won't exactly the right thing that George Wilkins Kendall, senior editor of the New Orleans "Picayune" daily journal, did down at the Brothers Hildreth's private office, one pleasant morning in May, when Mr. James" was of Illinois the Mayor." Then, the way of it was this: When George went into the the aforementioned, he asked for "Mr. Mayor." "The Colonel" pointed to the adjoining private office, or talked "sitting-room," and Mr. Kendall went in. There's a delegation there, from the female officers of "The Martha Washington Temperance Society," of which "the Mayor" is the honorary President." "I'll go in and see him," said Kendall. "Do," said the Colonel. "I guess they've about "brought they've kept him talking there for some time now." Kendall entered, his face a little flushed, from a rapid walk down to Cliff Street; and as he did so, he was made aware of the presence of some two dozen members of the "Martha Washington Teetotal Association," in solemn conclave, with "President," "the Mayor," in their midst, with a face, partly from the warmth of the morning, and partly from excitement, even more flushed, if anything, than Kendall's. George was received, beyond a slight greeting from "the Mayor," with unconcern; but he "knew his course." "Come, Harper," said he, "let's go down to the office." It's been cooler." So he added, taking out his watch: "ain't you day up yet?" "The Mayor" says he did not know "taken aback" before; but the coolness and outrageous impudence of that "lark" fairly took his breath away. The women looked gas, while Kendall was proceeding to be buttoning up to go with him and Gary a brief colloquy of "Moral Suasion!"—*Knickerbocker.*

For the Young.

A HALF MORE THAN THE WHOLE.

"What did Aunt Lizzie mean by saying today that half was more than the whole? I'm sure I don't know," said Lucy Gay to her mother. Mrs. Gary was sitting by a low window, fitting work; and she looked up from her employment, and talking to her mother at the same time.

"Half my luncheon is not more than the whole, you know, my child, and half my work is not more than the whole;" and Lucy looked round rather triumphantly for her mother's praise.

"Quite true, my dear, and yet what your Aunt Lizzie meant was true, too. Did you hear the whole of what she said?"

"No; except something about a little boy, and a—a—" said Lucy, turning from the window-ledge to lean her arms on her mother's knee.

"Take care! take care! half my lap is by no means as good as the whole to hold my work. Now, Lucy, remember, and tell me all you can of the story. Your Aunt Lizzie had just been telling me that a poor boy was taught to earn his own living, and was learning to sew. Miss Ellis called her to see what she thought of his work, and she looked pleased with it."

"Was it a ship and a house, mamma, that looked pleasant with flowers?"

"No, my dear; you must those lilies, the other day?" interrupted Lucy.

"Oh, and other people had sent her other flowers, and she took great delight in looking at them. Your Aunt Lizzie went to spend the morning with her friend, while she was sitting at her sewing. Miss Ellis called her to see what she thought of the work in the window."

"What was it?"

"Just opposite, at the upper window of a small house, was a little child, apparently four or five years old, in a night-dress, sitting on a chair, with its head resting on its hand, and its elbow on the window-sill, looking out into the street. The little thing looked extremely pale and ill, and as if it had nothing to play with, and was stretching its head uneasily about, to look at the people in the back part of the room. Miss Ellis looked at her own room and her lovely flowers, and asked your Aunt Lizzie if she should be willing to go over and take this little child some flowers to play with. She agreed, and before them they had put together a nice little nosegay of hollow and blue flowers. Your aunt tied on her bonnet and shawl, and went over and found the door through the blind, go in at the front door, and up stairs into the upper window where the child was lying. He was delighted with his plaything, wanted to know the names of each of the flowers, and asked your Aunt Lizzie about each of them, and kissed his hand to the lady when she went away. He would not, as I dare say most same look, she said to her friend that she had not seen a child so pleased, and Miss Ellis said that in this case the half was more than the whole. Now do you think you know what she meant?"

"I suppose she meant she liked half better than the whole."

"I suppose so too; and I think you would find it was true in some other cases; though not in all. Half a pound of sugar and bay-stacks."

"Well," said Lucy, very slowly; "I suppose half a pound of sugar would be more than another told her she thought the meat be doing a sum in supposition.

"Very good," she began again, "that if I was to let Harry have half my room on my own bed, he would have the same thing."

"Yes, if you took pleasure in seeing her pleased, and in making her so, and in choosing flowers to please, or wanted her to do exactly what you did with yours."

"Then I think I did put one her this morning with her frock stuck full of pins, and I thought she looked as if she would like to play with them."

"Try, my darling," said Mrs. Cary, kissing Lucy's round fresh face; "try to take pleasure in giving pleasure, and you will find it the best way for yourself how often the half is more than the whole."

With this, Lucy scrambled out of the low window on to the piazza, and was off with Hasty into the garden.—*Child's Friend.*

DO NOT BE CRUEL.

In my walk this morning, I passed near a little school, where a number of boys were playing what they called a duck hunt. A poor duck was pursued through the water by dogs, and when it attempted to ascend the bank, was driven back by the boys. One poor little fellow was obliged to dive under water to escape from his tormentors. He was a long time under, so that at last I became quite exhausted, and two of the dogs caught it and pulled it in pieces in a most horrible manner. I was much grieved at the fate of the water crippled duck; but still more impression which was then made upon his hard heart by the fate of the poor little animal. One of the following instructive dialogues and moral adventures:

"Delicate, beautiful hands! Dear miss, how do you contrive to make your hands so white?"

And such rings, too, as if to draw attention that ware. Let me feel them. Oh, dear, how soft they are! Mamma, mamma, miss—"

"No—"

"Do you make bricks?"

"No."

"Then you wash floors, and scrub the pots and pans?"

"No."

"Do I thought. Look at your mother's hands. Ain't you ashamed to let that old lady kill herself working for you? Go home this minute, this night to dark, but keep she dust from your face, and the tires from your hands! What are you for? Is it to be waited on, and have every thing you for your delicate hands? A person who is to be waited on, and have their blackened continually by coming in contact with pot hooks and kettles, is disgraced by a day spent in rubbing at the washing-board. Pretty fingers, indeed! what are they good for but to move quickly, and do what is useful? Ugly hands, if they are employed in ministering to the comfort of the rain things of earth, they are kept clean by the consciousness of doing right, and would rather see them soil in actual service, and as rough as a carpenter' conscience, than so tenderly kept as to be the sign of an ungenerous spirit than."

Perhaps she had the final result of her friend's plans, blunt talk, with this fragile solace of gentility, as she did not learn. Perhaps she helped her poor self mother to wash the next shower.

DID YOU EVER SEE AN ONE?—A young man who had seen but little of the world—modest and retiring in his disposition, owing lately to attend a ball with him. She was the belle and beauty of the place into which he had recently emerged from his native obscurity, and was surrounded by her own temerity to asking her to go with him, he had succeeded in overcoming the diffidence of his nature. The ball was to be given at some distance from the village, and was to commence at 8 o'clock. Accordingly, the young man called for his fair companion at the appointed hour, and found her ready for the ball. Her mother, however, was not present, and she was left to the care of a very large one, which had slightly closer to his head a few days before.

The conversation, then coldly began, did not flow freely, and by the time they arrived at the ball room they were quite well acquainted. They had not only gathered for a dance, but partners for life. The lady one more before me age to dance with me." "Certainly, I will be happy to," was the reply. "Then I will be happy to dance with you," was the response of pounded chocolate mixed with a little white sugar, dust sugar upon them, and bake them in a light bake tin.—*Mrs. Bliss's Practical Cook Book.*

BEES VS. ANTS.

In answer to "Laborer," says the correspondent of a contemporary, who wishes to be informed how to prevent ants from making interruptions in his house, honey, &c., I would say, that after long experience, and many plans, contrivances, and expedients, I have hit upon the following one, which entirely prevents ants, or any thing of the kind, from troubling the hive either in or out. I give it to you for what it is worth, and to use it is invaluable. It is in this wise, namely:—

Take one-four pound box, and bore them two feet in the ground, and put them four or six feet apart. Connect the posts together with a line of wire, running through the top of each post; then take another wire, still smaller, say No. 10 or 12, attached to the hive of each corner, (or each top,) then bring the four pieces of wire from the posts together, and twist the four together, and then, when attach one strand of the small wire to them, and suspend the hive to the wire running lengthwise, and you have the hive clear from the ground. It is the best method of having it, and it is also an ornament. I have seen eighty hives, with glass cases, &c., all suspended in this way, to "tightly ornamental!" and—no ants, no bees, no trouble—a beautiful garden. Oh, 'tis a treat to our city cousins, as they come out to spend a day with us. Let me tell you of a treat with delicious contents, surpassed by nothing but ambrosia, nectar, &c. Still, for a taste of "Aunt Betsey's" bread, which they spread it on.

TRY OR TRUST.

P. S.—The posts and wire must be painted. Japan varnish, with a mixture of lamp-black, is good. Paint the posts a beautiful appearance, and perennia rot.

Durham County, Co., 1851.

ANOTHER REMEDY.—Noticing an inquiry from a "Laborer" in your columns, how to get rid of ants, &c., I would recommend ants, moths, &c., from destroying the bee-hives, I would in answer say, that for several years we have used with a good deal of success, a piece of narrow sheet zinc, so that, to gain access to the hive, they must pass over the zinc strip, and I have no hesitancy in saying none will cross the barrier. Try it.

I have been engaged in selling the patent beehive, known as "Colton's," for a few years, and have sold a number, which have fully answered my remedy to prevent ants, moths, &c., from destroying the bee-hives, I would in answer say, that for several years we have used with a good deal of success, a piece of narrow sheet zinc, so that, to gain access to the hive, they must pass over the zinc strip, and I have no hesitancy in saying none will cross the barrier. Try it.

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VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1549.

Choice Poetry.

PHILIP, MY KING!

Who hears upon his lady love the cured and top of sovereignty.

Look at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King.
For none can tell the purple shadow lies
Of fatherhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy cap head
With love's invisible regent laden;
I am thine Father, to command
Till thine shall fadthy Queen handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou grew awearing,
Philip, my King!
When there beautiful lips are rising,
And some gentle heart's born undoing,
Then dost smile, love-crowned, and there
Sitest all glorified—Hallo kindly,
Tenderly over thy kingdom fair,
For we that love, oh! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gave from thy sweet mouth up to thy lover,
Philip, my King!
Ay, there lies the spoil of sleeping now.
That was sure like a chain and makes ours bold
As is one Godcrowned, maiden his peers
My Neal, thou the fairest, the higher and purer,
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet the best newborn's a child rarer.
Philip, my King!

A weasel, was of gold, but gains. One day,
Philip, my King!
Then, see, mine heart, as we tread, a way
Thorny, and dim, and cold and gray,
Reigns within thee, and flew without
All mouth's stiff my office
Mother, yet mourn'st all angels about
As one others at the foot of God, we mourn,
Philip, the King!

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE;

OR,

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FITTING ROOM.

I see a small, old-fashioned room,
With primitive[illegible]
Old portraits on the walls are hung,
Carved heavy tables, chairs, tables
Of dark and[illegible]
And there a high-backed, broad settee
Of[illegible] and[illegible]
Flowered over with silk embroidery,
And there are high-backed chairs,
Tall screens in gilded clasp.
Mrs. Sandys.

This was the exaggery! In constant family use when there were no strangers at the hall, and here the busy hands of the two afflictenne girls assisted in preparing the dinner and setting the evening fireable, and soon a clear fire was glowing in the chimney, and the shutters were closed, and "Letter's" delayed supper was over the back of his chimney-corner easy chair, and his slippers laid on the hearth, and all the family in readiness, and the girls sitting down upon the settee upon the opposite side of the chimney, with their arms locked together and resting on each other's waists, talking in a gentle tone of their mutual interest of "Letter," and waiting for him"s" coming home.

This room was *home* of home—a place of such sacred security and tempting repose that every weary cat herself—for large, motherly, betoine-shell cats with all four white feet and a white tip on her tail, could here marshal in his fruiliarance and variegated brood of kittens, and nurse them on the sofa, or feed them on the hearth-rug mat, and rance around the room, very sure that they would not be molested, even by the proud St. Bernard dog stretched at length upon the rug.

Where did Letter of Judge go this afternoon, Ginnie?" inquired Helen, sitting one of Madame Grimalkin's prettiest babies to her lap, and caressing it.

"Father went to the post office, and he felt so anxious about some letters, that he decided not to wait until a messenger could go and return, but to save several hours of suspense, by being there in readiness to receive his own letters as soon as the mail should arrive and be opened."

"I read in "The Federal" that the arrival of the mail was expected to-day—done he expect to hear from Joseph Carey?"

"Alas, no! we have not heard from Joseph for nearly a year—I do not know—" and Ginnie stopped short, for she talked with emotion, and lost her voice.

"Is that possible! I am very sorry for that," said Helen, in a tone of deepest sympathy;—"but then, Virginia, the foreign mails are so uncertain, and the field of Joseph's labors are far out of the bounds of civilization, that there is much more reason to hope that his letters have miscarried, than there is for fear of his health or life!"

"I do not know," said Ginnie, with an effort at self-recovery. "I so not know! all that we have heard of Joseph since the commencement of his devotion of every faculty of his soul and body to his work—his most arduous work! The very last we heard of him was through a letter in a foreign missionary magazine that providentially fell into our hands, where his name was quite intidentally introduced, and by which we learned that he was in a very distant part of Further India, quite alone and unattended among a horde of hostile heathens. Yet not alone! God's heart and hand are ever with his own."

At this moment a heavy step was heard in the hall, the door was swung open, and Judge Washington entered the sitting room; Virginia and Helen both arose to meet him. He shook hands with Helen, and hugged and kissed Virginia's brow, and then the two, with solicitous attention, hastened to make him comfortable.

Helen wheeled the low bench pack, while Ginnie helped him off with his great coat, and settled him in his accustomed place in the easy chair.

And then *Ginnie* carried off the great coat, hat and stick to hang them in the hall, while Helen, true woman, rang for tea.

Though the house was full of servants, the girls were always happy to perform the little domestic rempect by performing, with their own hands, these little personal favors.

Tea was soon served, and the Judge, somewhat rested and refreshed already, arose, and with his usual courtesy of manner, handed the girls to her place at the table, and they all sat down.

After tea was over, and the cloth was removed, when they had gathered around the fire again, and the little round table, with the bright lamp, was drawn up between them, and Virginia had taken out her embroidery, and Helen her knitting, Ginnie "opened 'her' mouth and spake, saying,"

"Dear grandfather, you look happy this evening! The mail has not disappointed you? You have letters and good news?"

"Yes, Virginia, much news, strange news and good!"

"Of Magdalene?"

"No, my dear, not of her. Or, look on the packet of my letters, and, Virginia, and bring the packet of letters and papers that you will find there."

Virginia hastened to obey, and returned with a large bundle of papers. The Judge received them, spread them out before him on the table, and while Helen and Virginia watched him anxiously, he selected one from the number, saying,

"Now, my dears, I chose to say nothing of this letter until after tea, for I knew with this letter to digest there would be no appetite for supper."

"Though with the supper to digest we are starving for the contents of the letter!" said Ginnie, with something of her old vivacity, for her eyes sprang as bright as stars she had already recognized the dear, familiar hand-writing.

"I see that you have discovered this letter to be from Joseph. It is. I will read it," and unfolding the epistle, Judge Washington read it to eager hearers.

The letter proved that the surmise of Helen Hervey had been correct. Joseph had written regularly every month, though being in a distant part of India, as he had frequently been compelled to entrust his letters for transportation to the nearest missionary station to unknown and perhaps unfaithful messengers. He more than half suspected, he said, that all his letters except those that quarter had called to reach their destination. He had, though almost unparalleled toils, weariness and hardships, and ever nearly intolerable climate, been and wonderfully successful in planting the standard of the Cross, and the Lord, a little Christian Church, which owned him for its pastor, a little school which had him for its teacher. Every faculty of his soul and body was busily and happily engaged. His health was not as robust as it had been of yore, but that was doubtless owing to the change of climate. He would get acclimated, and then he should be better. This letter closed with fervent expressions of undying love to those dear friends he left behind, and a request that the Lord, who would watch over and finally reunite them, would in their absence eyes over all of grandeur cares.

Virginia's hands were clasped as if in prayer of gratitude, and her whole countenance and manner glowing with so much fervor and earnestness that Helen, when the Judge remarked it, and she answered truly.

"Oh, Father!" my heart glows and dilates with I know not how much mingled admiration, joy and regret. Oh, father!" and Ginnie pressed both hands upon her heart as if it were bursting to still its throbbing—he could say no more. To Helen sorrow or joy father for Joseph, and there spoke, the thoughts that were burning in her heart—that it was impossible for her to say that which so strongly, so solemnly she felt. "If is there silence, silence. Oh! yes, when I will go to my room and pray for him, and seek that comfort in him, when I love him so, and he needs me so!—and yet I cannot go to him, while I am there whose I am so much wanted! To be there in Virginia's place! To be there with him! With nothing to care for but him! With nothing to do but to help him! To enter heart and soul into his labors and desires and enterprises! To labor with Joseph and for him! To watch over him! To be his helper and his earth and heaven in view! What a happiness what a happiness! Oh! that it might be mine! To be able to say, 'Joseph! Joseph —no and no! Joseph! Joseph! Joseph